

The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice.

With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Iewe
towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound
of his flesh: and the obtayning of *Portia*
by the choyse of three
chests.

*As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord
Chamberlaine his Seruants,*

Written by William Shakespeare.

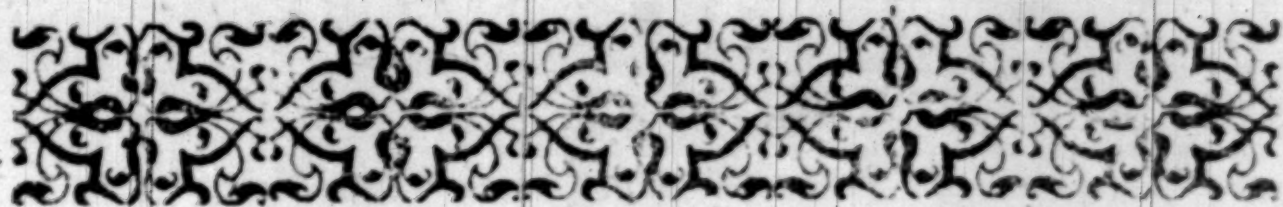


*collated
perfect.
Feb. 1798.*

First Edition.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes,
and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the
signe of the Greene Dragon.

1600.



The comicall History of the Merchant of Venice.

Enter *Antonio*, *Salaryno*, and *Salanio*.

An. **I**N sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such a want-wit fadnes
makes of mee,
That I haue much adoe to know my selfe.

Salarino. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portlie sayle
Like Signiors and rich Burgars on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Doe ouer-peere the petty traffiquers
That currie to them do them reuerence
As they flie by them with theyr wouen wings.

Salanio. Beleeue mee sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grasse to know where sits the wind,
Piring in Maps for ports, and peers and rodes:
And euery object that might make me feare
Mis-fortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth,
vould blow me to an ague when I thought
vwhat harme a winde too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the sandie howre-glasse runne
But I should thinke of shallowes and of flatts,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand

The comicall Historie of

Vayling her high top lower then her ribs
To kille her buriall; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
vvhich touching but my gentle vessels side
vould scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Antonio*
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath framd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bagpyper.
And other of such vinigar aspect,
That theyle not shew theyr teeth in way of smile
Though *Nestor* sweare the iest be laughable.

Enter *Bassanio*, *Lorenzo*, and *Gratiano*.

Sola. Here comes *Bassanio* your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenzo*. Farewell,
We leaue you now with better company.

Sola. I would haue staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.

the Merchant of Venice.

I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

Bass. Good signiors both when shal we laugh : say, when ?
You grow exceeding strange : must it be so ?

Sal. Weele make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you haue found *Antonio*
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.

Bass. I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well signior *Antonio*,
You haue too much respect vpon the world :
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are meruailously changd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A stage, where euery man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my liuer rather heate with wine
Then my hart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in Alablaster ?
Sleepe when he wakes ? and creepe into the Iaundies
By beeing peeuish ? I tell thee what *Antonio*,
I loue thee, and tis my loue that speakes :
There are a sort of men whose visages
Doe creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And doe a wilful stilnes entertaine,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, graultie, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Antonio* I doe know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise

The comicall Historie of

For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
vvhich hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy baite
For this foole gudin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* neuer lets me speake.

Gra. Well keepe me company but two yeeres moe
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

An. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thanks yfaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neates togue dried, and a mayde not vendable.

Exeunt.

An. It is that any thing now.

Bass. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing more then any
man in all Venice; his reasons are as two graines of wheate hid in
two bushels of chaffe: you shall seeke all day ere you finde them,
and when you haue them, they are not worth the search.

An. VVell, tell me now what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secrete pilgrimage
That you to day promised to tell me of.

Bass. Tis not vnknowne to you *Antonio*
How much I haue disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Then my faint meanes would graunt continuance:
Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely of from the great debts
vvherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gagd: to you *Antonio*
I owe the most in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

Amb.

the Merchant of Venice.

An. I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still doe,
vvinth the eye of honour, be affurd
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lie all vnlockt to your occasions.

Bass. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfe same flight
The selfe same way, with more aduised watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both: I vrge this child-hood prooffe
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth
That which I owe is lost, but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
vvhich you did shoote the first, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard bake againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.

An. You know me well, and heerein spend but time
To wind about my loue with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe me now more wrong
In making question of my vttermost
Then if you had made wast of all I haue:
Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receaue faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vnderallewd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from euery coast
Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden sleece,
vvhich makes her seat of *Belmont Cholchos* strond,

And

The comicall Historie of

And many Iasons come in quest of her.
O my *Anthony*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riual place with one of them,
I haue a minde presages me such thrift
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Anth. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither haue I money, nor commoditie
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth
Try what my credite can in Venice doe,
That shall be rackt euen to the vttermost
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe presently enquire and so will I
vwhere money is, and I no question make
To haue it of my trust, or for my sake.

Exeunt.

Enter *Portia* with her wayting woman *Nerrissa*.

Portia. By my troth *Nerrissa*, my little body is awearie of this
great world.

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the
same aboundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I
see, they are as sicke that surfeite with too much, as they that starue
with nothing; it is no meane happines therefore to be seated in the
meane, superfluitie comes sooner by white haire, but competen-
cie liues longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easie as to know what were good to do,
Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes
Pallaces, it is a good diuine that followes his owne instructions, I
can easier teach twentie what were good to be done, then to be one
of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may de-
uise lawes for the blood, but a hote temper leapes ore a colde de-
cree, such a hare is madnes the youth, to skippe ore the meshes of
good counsaile the cripple; but this reasoning is not in the fashion
to choose mee a husband, ô mee the word choose, I may neyther
choose who I would, nor refuse who I dislike, so is the will of a ly-
uing daughter curbd by the will of a deade father: is it not harde

Nerrissa,

the Merchant of Venice.

Nerrissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your Father was euer vertuous, and holy men at theyr death haue good inspirations, therefore the lottrie that he hath deuised in these three chests of gold, siluer, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will no doubt neuer be chosen by any rightlie, but one who you shall rightly loue: But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princelie suters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description leuell at my affection.

Ner. First there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Por. I thats a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horse, & he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can shoo him himselfe: I am much afeard my Ladie his mother plaid false with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. Hee doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, & you will not haue me, choose, he heares merry tales and smiles not, I feare hee will prooue the weeping Phylosopher when hee growes old, beeing so full of vnmannery sadnes in his youth.) I had rather be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to cyther of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounfier *Le Boune*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I knowe it is a sinne to be a mocker, but hee, why hee hath a horse better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Trassell sing, he falls straght a capring, he will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if hee would despise me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madnes, I shall neuer requite him,

Ner. What say you then to Fauconbridge, the young Barron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for hee vnderstands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, & you will come into the Court and swear that I haue a poore pennie-

B.

worth

The comicall Historie of

worth in the English : hee is a proper mans picture, but alas vvhoe can conuerse with a dumbe show? how odly hee is suted, I thinke he bought his doublet in Italie, his round hose in Fraunce, his bonnet in Germanie, and his behauiour euery where.

Nerrissa. What thinke you of the Scottish Lorde his neighbour?

Portia. That hee hath a neyghbourlie charitie in him, for hee borrowed a boxe of the care of the Englishman, and swore hee would pay him againe when he was able : I thinke the Frenchman became his suretie, and seald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxones nephew?

Por. Very vildlie in the morning when hee is sober, and most vildly in the afternoone when he is drunke : when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, & when he is worst he is little better then a beast, and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe without him.

Ner. Yf hee shoulde offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your Fathers will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Portia. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe glasse of Reynishe vvine on the contrarie Casket, for if the deuill be within, and that temptation without, I knowe hee will choose it. I will doe any thing *Nerrissa* ere I will be married to a sponge.

Nerrissa. You neede not feare Ladie the hauing anie of these Lords, they haue acquainted me with theyr determinations, which is indeede to returne to theyr home, and to trouble you with no more sute, vnlesse you may be wonne by some other sort the your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. Yf I liue to be as old as Sibilla, I will die as chaste as Diana, vnlesse I be obtained by the maner of my Fathers will : I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his very absence : & I pray God graunt them a faire departure.

Nerrissa. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a Venecian a Scholler & a Souldiour that came hether in companie of the Marquesse of Mountferrat?

Portia.

the Merchant of Venice.

Portia. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I thinke so was he calld.

Ner. True maddam, hee of all the men that euer my foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the best deseruing a faire Ladie.

Portia. I remember him well, and I remember him worthie of thy prayse.

How nowe, vvhath newes?

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The foure strangers seeke for you maddam to take theyr leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Maister will be heere to night.

Por. Yf I could bid the fift welcome with so good hart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should bee glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a deuill, I had rather he should shriue mee then wiue mee. Come *Nerrissa*, firra goe before: whiles we shut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore.

Exeunt.

Enter *Bassanio* with *Shylocke* the Iew.

Shy. Three thousand ducates, well.

Bass. I sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Bass. For the which as I told you,

Antonio shalbe bound.

Shy. *Antonio* shall become bound, well.

Bass. May you sted me? Will you pleasure me?

Shall I know your aunswere.

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and *Antonio* bound.

Bass. Your aunswere to that.

Shy. *Antonio* is a good man.

Bass. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shylocke. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying hee is a good man, is to haue you vnderstand mee that hee is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: hee hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderstand moreover vpon the Ryalta, hee hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,

The comicall Historie of

and other ventures he hath squandred abroad, but ships are but boordes, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water thecues, and land thecues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perill of waters, windes, and rockes: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assur'd you may.

Jew. I will be assur'd I may: and that I may bee assured, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with *Antonio*?

Bass. Yf it please you to dine with vs.

Jew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarit coniured the deuill into: I wil buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalto, who is he comes heere?

Enter *Antonio*.

Bass. This is signior *Antonio*.

Jew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.

I hate him for he is a Christian:

But more, for that in low simplicitie

He lends out money gratis, and brings downe

The rate of vsance heere with vs in Venice.

Yf I can catch him once vpon the hip,

I will feede fat the auncient grudge I beare him.

He hates our sacred Nation, and he rayles

Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate

On me, my bargaines, and my well-wone thrif,

vhich hee calls interest: Cursed be my Trybe

if I forgiue him.

Bass. *Shylock*, doe you heare.

Shyl. I am debating of my present store,

And by the neere gesse of my memorie

I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse

Of full three thousand ducats: what of that,

Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe

Will furnish me; but soft, how many months

Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior,

Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Shylocke

the Merchant of Venice.

An. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giuing of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a custome: is hee yet posselt
How much ye would?

Shy. 7, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shyl. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I doe neuer vse it.

Shy. When *Iacob* grazd his Vncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third posseller; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Shyl. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly intrest, marke what *Iacob* did,
V When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyzd
That all the canelings which were streakt and pied
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being ranck
In end of Autume turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these wolly breeders in the act,
The skilful sheeheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kind
He stuck them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colourd lambs, and those were *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

An. This was a venture sir that *Iacob* serud for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swayd and fashiond by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and siluer ewes and rammes?

The comicall Historie of

Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,
but note me Signior.

Anth. Marke you this *Bassanio*,
The deuill can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy witnes
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the hart.
O what a goodly out-side falshood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, tis a good round summe.
Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, shall we be beholding to you?

Shyl. Signior *Antonio*, manie a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me

About my moneyes and my vsances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Trybe)
You call me misbeleeuier, cut-throate dog,
And spet vpon my Iewish gaberdine,
And all for vse of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you say so:
You that did voyde your rume vpon my beard,
And soote me as you spurne a stranger curre
Ouer your threshold, moneyes is your sute.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
Hath a dog money? is it possible

A curre can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whispring humblenes
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,
You spurnd me such a day another time,
You calld me dogge: and for these curtesies
He lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee so.
Yf thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

the Merchant of Venice.

As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breede for barraine mettaile of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
Exact the penaltie.

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the shames that you haue staine me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doyte
Of vsance for my moneyes, and youle not heare mee,
this is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.

Shyl. This kindnesse will I shewe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merrie sport
if you repay me not on such a day
in such a place, such summe or summes as are
expressed in the condition, let the forfeite
be nominated for an equall pound
of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
in what part of your bodie pleaseth me.

Ant. Content in faith, yle seale to such a bond,
and say there is much kindnes in the Iew.

Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me,
We rather dwell in my necessitie.

An. Why feare not man, I will not forfeite it,
within these two months, thats a month before
this bond expires, I doe expect returne
of thrice three times the valew of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
the thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
if he should breake his day what should I gaine
by the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
is not so estimable, profitable neither
as flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I say

The comicall Historie of

To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship,
If he wil take it, so, if not adiew,
And for my loue I pray you wrong me not.

An. Yes *Shylocke*, I will seale vnto this bond.

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Giue him direction for this merry bond
And I will goe and purse the ducats strait,
See to my house left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthrifstie knaue: and presently
Ile be with you. *Exit.*

An. Hie thee gentle Iewe. The Hebrew will turne
Christian, he growes kinde.

Bassa. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.

An. Come on, in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.

Exeunt.

Enter *Morochus* a tawnie Moore all in white, and three
or foure followers accordingly, with *Portia*,
Nerrissa, and their traine.

Morocho. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed liuerie of the burnisht sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayrest creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phæbus* fire scarce thawes the yficles,
And let vs make incyzion for your loue,
To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Portia. In termes of choyse I am not soly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes:
Besides, the lottrie of my destenie
Barrs me the right of voluntary choosng:
But if my Father had not scanted me,

And

the Merchant of Venice.

And hedgd me by his wit to yeeld my selfe
His wife, who winnes me by that meanes I told you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this Symitare
That slewe the Sophy, and a Persian Prince
That wone three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would ore-stare the sternest eyes that looke:
Out-braue the hart most daring on the earth:
Pluck the young sucking Cubs from the she Beare,
Yea, mock the Lyon when a rores for pray
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me
Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with greewing.

Portia. You must take your chaunce,
And eyther not attempt to choose at all,
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong
Neuer to speake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chaunce.

Portia. First forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard shall be made:

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest or curs'dst among men.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to runne from
this Iewe my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me,
saying to me, *lobbe, Launcelet lobbe*, good *Launcelet*, or good *lobbe*,

C.

or

The comicall Historie of

or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vse your legges, take the start, runne away, my conscience sayes no; take heede honest *Launcelet*, take heede honest *Iobbe*, or as afore-saide honest *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most courageous fiend bids me packe, *fi* sayes the fiend, away sayes the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue minde sayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, sayes very wisely to mee: my honest friend *Launcelet* beeing an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did something smacke, something grow to; he had a kinde of tast; well, my conscience sayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge sayes the fiend, bouge not sayes my conscience, conscience say I you counsaile wel, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be ruld by my conscience, I should stay with the Iewe my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of deuill; and to runne away from the Iewe I should be ruled by the fiend, who sauing your reuerence is the deuill himselfe: certainly the Iewe is the very deuill incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile mee to stay with the Iewe; the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commaundement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Maister young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to Maister Iewes?

Launcelet. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sand blinde, high grauell blinde, knowes me not, I will try confusions with him.

Gobbo. Maister young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maister Iewes.

Launcelet. Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly to the Iewes house.

Gobbo. Be Godsfonties twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me

the Merchant of Venice.

mee whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young Maister *Launcelet*, 'marke mee now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of young Maister *Launcelet*.

Gobbo. No Maister sir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to liue.

Launce. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of young Maister *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worships friend and *Launcelet* sir.

Launce. But I pray you *ergo* olde man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of young Maister *Launcelet*.

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant please your maistership.

Launce. *Ergo* Maister *Launcelet*, talke not of maister *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such braunches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine termes, gone to heauen.

Gobbo. Marry God forbid, the boy was the very staffe of my age, my very prop.

Launcelet. Doe I looke like a cudgell or a houell post, a staffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy *G O D* rest his soule aliue or dead.

Launcelet. Doe you not know me Father.

Gobbo. Alack sir I am sand blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might fayle of the knowing mee: it is a wise Father that knowes his ovyne childe. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your sonne, giue mee your blessing, trueth will come to light, muder cannot bee hidde long, a mannes Sonne may, but in the ende trueth vwill out.

Gobbo. Pray you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

The comicall Historie of

Launce. Pray you let's haue no more fooling, about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Launce. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* in deede, ile be sworne if thou bee *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worship might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbins my phillhorse hase on his taile.

Launce. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure hee had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I lost saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how doost thou and thy Maister agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?

Launce. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to runne away, so I will not rest till I haue runne some ground; my Maister's a very Iewe, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who in deede giues rare newe Lyuories, if I serue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, heere comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I serue the Iewe any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by fve of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Launce. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Bass. Gramercie, wouldst thou ought with me.

Gobbe. Heere's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Launce. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Iewes man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

Gob.

the Merchant of Venice.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serue.

Lau. Indeepe the short and the long is, I serue the Iewe, & haue a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Maister and he (sauing your worships reuerence) are scarce catercosins,

Lau. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iewe hauing done me wrong, dooth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue heere a dish of Doues that I would bestow vppon your worship, and my sute is.

Lau. In very briefe, the sute is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall knowe by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Lau. Serue you sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtained thy sute,
Shylocke thy Maister spoke with me this day,
And hath preferd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich Iewes seruice, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old prouerb is very well parted betweene my Maister *Shylocke* and you sir, you haue the grace of God sir, and hee hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakest it well; goe Father with thy Sonne
Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire
My lodging out, giue him a Lyuerie
More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue nere a tong in my head, wel: if any man in Italy haue a fayrer table which dooth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, heere's a simple lyne of life, heeres a small tryfle of wiues, alas, fiftene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maydes is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, heere are simple scapes: vuell, if Fortune be a woman she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, I take my leaue of the Iewe in

*The comicall Historie of
the twinkling.*

Exit Clowne.

Bass. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed
Returne in hast, for I doe feast to night
My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Leon. My best endeuours shall be done heerein. *Exit Leonardo.*

Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Where's your Maister.

Leonar. Yonder sir he walkes.

Grati. Signior *Bassanio*.

Bass. *Gratiano*.

Gra. I haue sute to you.

Bass. You haue obtained it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must goe with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why then you must but heare thee *Gratiano*,
Thou art to wild, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults
But where thou art not knowne; why there they show
Something too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstrued in the place I goe to,
And loose my hopes.

Gra. Signor *Bassanio*, heare me,
Yf I doe not put on a sober habite,
Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say amen:
Vse all the obseruance of ciuillity
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we doe to night.

Bass. No that were pittie,

I would

the Merchant of Venice.

I would intreate you rather to put on
Your boldest sute of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpose merriment : but far you well,
I haue some busines.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenso* and the rest,
But we will visite you at supper time.

Exeunt.

Enter Iessica and the Clowne.

Iessica. I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a merry deuill
Didst rob it of some tast of tediousnes,
But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Launcelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenso, who is thy new Maisters guest,
Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farwell : I would not haue my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pa-
gan, most sweete Iewe, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and
get thee, I am much deceaued ; but adiew, these foolish drops doe
something drowne my manly spirit : adiew.

Iessica. Farwell good *Launcelet*.
Alack, what heynous sinne is it in me
To be ashamed to be my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood
I am not to his manners : ô *Lorenso*
Yf thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy louing wife.

Exit.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenso, Salaryno, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time,
Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gratia. We haue not made good preparation.

Salari. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers,

Solanio. Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we haue two houres

To

The comicall Historie of

To furnish vs; friend *Launcelet* whats the newes. *Enter Launcelet.*

Launcelet. And it shal please you to breake vp this, it shal seeme to signifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ.

Gratia. Loue, newes in faith.

Launce. By your leaue sir.

Loren. Whither goest thou.

Launc. Marry sir to bid my old Maister the Jewe to sup to night
with my new Maister the Christian.

Loren. Hold heere take this, tell gentle *Jessica*
I will not faile her, speake it priuatly,
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this maske to night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clowne.*

Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it strait.

Sol. And so will I.

Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence.

Sal. Tis good we doe so.

Exit.

Gratia. Was not that Letter from faire *Jessica*.

Loren. I must needes tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and iewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages sute she hath in readines,
Yf ere the Jewe her Father come to heauen,
Yt will be for his gentle daughters sake,
And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote,
Vnlesse she doe it vnder this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse Jewe:
Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Faire *Jessica* shall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Jewe and his man that was the Clowne.

Jewe. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy iudge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio*;
What *Jessica*, thou shalt not gurmandize

As

the Merchant of Venice.

As thou hast done with mee : vvhhat *Iessica*,
and sleepe, and snore, and rend apparraile out.
Why *Iessica* I say.

Clowne. Why *Iessica*.

Shy. Who bids thee call? I doe not bid thee call.

Clow. Your vvorship was wont to tell me,
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter *Iessica*.

Iessica. Call you? vvhhat is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper *Iessica*,
There are my keyes : but wherefore should I goe?
I am not bid for lone, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Christian. *Iessica* my girle,
looke to my house, I am right loth to goe,
There is some ill a bruing towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.

Clowne. I beseech you sir goe, my young Maister
doth expect your reproch.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clowne. And they haue conspired together, I vvill not say
you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing
that my nose fell a bleeding on black monday last, at fixe a clocke
ith morning, falling out that yeere on ashwensday was foure yeere
in thafternoone.

Shy. What are there maskes? heare you me *Iessica*,
lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme
and the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fiffe
clamber not you vp to the casements then
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,
let not the sound of shallow fopprie enter
my sober house. By *Iacobs* staffe I sweare
I haue no minde of feasting forth to night:
but I will goe: goe you before me sirra,
say I will come.

D.

Clowne

The comicall Historie of

Clowne. I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this,
there will come a Christian by
vill be worth a lewes eye.

Shyl. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* ofspring? ha.

Ieffica. His words were farewell mistress, nothing els.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge reeder,
Snaile slow in profit, and he sleepest by day
more then the vild-cat: drones hie not with me,
therefore I part with him and part with him
to one that I would haue him helpe to wast
his borrowed purse. Well *Ieffica* goe in,
perhaps I will returne immediatlie,
do as I bid you, shut doores after you, fast bind, fast find,
a prouerbe neuer stale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Ief. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.*

Enter the maskers, *Gratiano* and *Salerino*.

Grat. This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenza*
desired vs to make stand.

Sal. His howre is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwells his howre,
for louers euer runne before the clocke.

Sal. O tenne times faster *Venus* pigeons flie
to seale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
to keepe obliged faith vnforfained.

Gra. That euer holds: who riseth from a feast
vvith that keene appetite that he sits downe?
vvhere is the hoise that doth vntread againe
his tedious measures with the vnbad fire
that he did pace them first: all things that are
are vvith more spirit chased then enioyd.
How like a younger or a prodigall
the skarfed barke puts from her natie bay
hugd and embraced by the strumpet wind,
how like the prodigall doth she returne

vvith

the Merchant of Venice.

vwith ouer-wetherd ribbs and ragged sailes
leane, rent, and beggerd by the strumpet wind ?

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet freends, your patience for my long abode
not I but my affaires haue made you waite :
vwhen you shall please to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then : approach
here dwels my father Iew. Howe whose within ?

Jessica aboue.

Jess. Who are you ? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I doe know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy loue.

Jessica. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
for who loue I so much ? and now who knowes
but you *Lorenzo* whether I am yours ?

Lor. Heauen & thy thoughts are witnes that thou art.

Jess. Heere catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you doe not looke on me,
for I am much ashamed of my exchange :
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit,
for if they could. *Cupid* himselfe would blush
to see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jess. What, must I hold a candle to my shames,
they in themselves goodsooth are too too light.
Why, tis an office of discovery loue,
and I should be obscurd.

Lor. So are you sweet
even in the lovely garnish of a boy, but come at once,
for the close night doth play the runaway,
and we are staied for at *Bassanio's* feast.

Jess. I will make fast the doores & guild my selfe
with some mo ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my hoode a gentle, and no Iew.

Lor. Bestrow me but I loue her hartlie,

The comicall Historie of

For she is wise, if I can iudge of her,
and faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
and true she is, as she hath proou'd herselfe:
And therefore like herselfe, wise, faire, and true,
shall she be placed in my constant soule. Enter *Jessica*.
What art thou come, on gentleman, away,
our masking mates by this time for vs stay. Exit.

Enter *Antonio*.

An. VVhose there?

Gra. Signior *Antonio*?

Anth. Fie, fie Gratiano, where are all the rest?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the wind is come about
Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I haue sent twentie out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad ont, I desire no more delight
then to be vnder saile, and gone to night. Exeunt.

Enter *Portia* with *Morrocho* and both
theyr traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines and discover
the seuerall caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyse.

Mor. This first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire.
The second siluer, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I doe choose the right?

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
if you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,
I will suruay th'inscriptions, back againe,
What saies this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath,
Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all

the Merchant of Venice.

doe it in hope of faire aduantages :

A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drosse,

He then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.

What sayes the siluer with her virgin hue ?

Who chooseth me, shal get as much as he deserues.

As much as he deserues, pause there *Morocho*,

and weigh thy valew with an euen hand,

If thou beest rated by thy estimation

thou doost deserue enough, and yet enough

May not extend so farre as to the Ladie :

And yet to be afeard of my deseruing

vvere but a weake disabling of my selfe.

As much as I deserue, why thats the Ladie.

I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,

in graces, and in qualities of breeding :

but more then these, in loue I doe deserue,

vwhat if I straid no farther, but chose heere ?

Lets see once more this saying grau'd in gold :

Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire :

Why thats the Ladie, all the world desires her.

From the foure corners of the earth they come

to kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanion deserts, and the vastie wildes

Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now

for Princes to come view faire *Portia*.

The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head

Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre

To stop the forraine spirits, but they come

as ore a brooke to see faire *Portia*.

One of these three containes her heauenly picture.

It like that leade containes her, twere damnation

to thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse

to ribb her serecloth in the obscure graue,

Or shall I thinke in siluer shes immurd

beeing tenne times vnderualewed to tride gold,

O sinful thought, neuer so rich a Iem

vvas set in worse then gold. They haue in England

The comicall Historie of

A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
stamp't in gold, but thats insculpt vpon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bed
lies all vvithin. Deliu' me the key:
heere doe I choose, and thrue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lie there
then I am yours?

Mor. O hell! what haue wee heare, a carrion death,
vvithin whose emptie eye there is a written scroule,
He reade the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold,
Gilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your answer had not beene incrold,
Fareyouwell, your sute is cold.*

Mor. Cold indeede and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adiew, I haue too greeu'd a hart
To take a tedious leaue: thus loosers part.

Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go,
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

Exeunt.

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Sal. Why man I saw *Bassanio* vnder sayle,
vvith him is *Gratiano* gone along;
and in theyr ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villaine Iew with outcries rais'd the Duke,
vvho went with him to search *Bassanio's* ship.

— *Sal.* He came too late, the ship was vnder saile,
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand
that in a Gondylo were seene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Iessica*.

Besides, *Antonio* certified the Duke
they were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

the Merchant of Venice.

Sol. I neuer heard a passion so confusd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable
as the dogge Iew did vtter in the streets,
My daughter, ô my ducats, ô my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, ô my Christian ducats.
Iustice, the law my ducats, and my daughter,
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats
of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
and Iewels. two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolne by my daughter: iustice; find the girle,
shee hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
crying his stones, his daughter. and his ducats.

Sola. Let good *Antonio* looke he keepe his day
or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembered,
I reasond with a Frenchman yesterday,
vwho told me, in the narrow seas that part
the French and English, there miscaried
a vessell of our country richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Antonio* when he told me,
and witht in silence that it were not his.

Sol. You were best to tell *Antonio* what you heare,
Yet doe not suddainely, for it may greeue him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speede
of his returne: he aunswered, doe not so,
slumber not busines for my sake *Bassanio*,
but stay the very riping of the time,
and for the Jewes bond which he hath of me
let it not enter in your minde of loue:
be merry, and imploy your cheefest thoughts
to courtship, and such faire ostents of loue
as shall conueniently become you there,
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
and with affection wondrous sensible

He

The comicall Historie of

He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I thinke hee onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
and quicken his embraced heauines
vvith some delight or other.

Sal. Doe we so.

Exeunt.

Enter *Nerrissa* and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick / pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
and comes to his election presently.

Enter *Arrogon*, his trayne, and *Portia*.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
yf you choose that wherein I am containd
straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
but if you faile, without more speech my Lord
you must be gone from hence immediatly.

Arro. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things,
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
vvhich casket twas / chose; next, if I faile
of the right casket, neuer in my life
to wooe a maide in way of marriage:
lastly, if / doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
immediatly to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare
that comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Arro. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my harts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire,
What many men desire, that many may be meant
by the foole multitude that choose by show,
not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
which pries not to thinteriour, but like the Martlet

builds

the Merchant of Venice.

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualty.
- I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
And well sayde to; for who shall goe about
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable
vvithout the stampe of merrit, let none presume
To weare an vnderferued dignity:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
vvere not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
vvere purchast by the merrit of the wearer,
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be commaunded that commaund?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honour? and how much honour
Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnist; well but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes heere.

Portia. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Arrag. What's heere, the pourtrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a shedule, I will reade it:

How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?

How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings.

Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues?

Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,

Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?

Portia. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Arrag. What is heere?

*The fier seauen times tried this,
Seauen times tried that indement is,*

E.

That

The comicall Historie of

That did neuer choose amis,
Some there be that shadowes kis.
Such haue but a shadowes blis:
There be fooles aling Iwis
Siluerd o're, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.

Arrag. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger heere,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.

Portia. Thus hath the candle singd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,
They haue the wisdom by their wit to loose.

Nerriss. The auncient saying is no herisie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.

Portia. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady.

Portia. Heere, what would my Lord?

Mess. Madame, there is a-lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, (besides commends and curtious breath)
Gifts of rich valiew; yet I haue not scene
So likely an Embassador of loue.

A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Portia. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high day wit in praysing him:

Come

the Merchant of Venice.

Come come *Nerryssa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupids* Post that comes so mannerly.

Nerryss. *Bassanio* Lord, loue if thy will it be.

Exeunt.

Solanio and Salario.

Solanio. Now what newes on the Ryalto ?

Salari. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship
of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke
they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the car-
casses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report
be an honest woman of her word.

Solanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer knapt
Ginger, or made her neighbours belecue she wept for the death of
a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or
crossing the plaine high way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the
honest *Anthonio*; ô that I had a tytle good enough to keepe his
name company.

Salari. Come, the full stop.

Solanio. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salari. I would it might proue the end of his losses.

Solanio. Let me say amen betimes, least the deuil crosse my prai-
er, for heere he comes in the likenes of a Jewe. How now *Shylocke*,
what newes among the Merchants? *Enter Shylocke.*

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daugh-
ters flight.

Salari. Thats certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor that made
the wings she flew withall.

Solan. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was flidge,
and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue the dam.

Shy. She is damnd for it.

Salari. Thats certaine, if the deuill may be her Iudge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sola. Out vpon it old carrion. rebels it at these yeeres.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and my blood.

Salari. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers,
then betweene 7et and 7uorie. more betweene your bloods, then
there is betweene red vvine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare
whether *Anthonio* haue had any losse at sea or no?

The comicall Historie of

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shewe his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me vsurer, let him looke to his bond, hee was wont to lende money for a Christian cursie, let him looke to his bond.

Salari. Why I am sure if he forsaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shyl. To baite fish with all, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my reuenge; hee hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and whats his reason, I am a Iewe: Hath not a Iewe eyes, hath not a Iewe hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleede, if you tickle vs doe wee not laugh, if you poyson vs doe wee not die, and if you wrong vs shall wee not reuenge, if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Iewe wrong a Christian, what is his humillity, reuenge? If a Christian wrong a Iewe, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maister *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Salari. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Solanio. Heere comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnlesse the deuill himselfe turne Iewe. *Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Tuball.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from Genowa, hast thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy.

the Merchant of Venice.

Shylocke. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, & other precious precious iewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the iewels in her care: would she were hearst at my foote, and the ducats in her coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not whats spent in the search: why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill lucke stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighs but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men haue ill lucke to, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tuball. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true.

Tuball. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha ha, heere in Genowa.

Tuball. Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickst a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my gold againe, foure score ducats at a sitting, foure score ducats.

Tuball. There came diuers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare, he cannot choose but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tuball. One of them shewed mee a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou torturest mee *Tuball*, it was my Turkeys, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a Wildernes of Monkeys.

Tuball. But *Anthonio* is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tuball* see me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the hart of him if he forfeite, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchan-dize I will: goe *Tuball*, and meete me at our Synagogue, goe good

*The comicall Historie of
Tuball, at our Sinagogue Tuball.* *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all
their traynes.*

Portia. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I loose your companie; therefore forbear a while,
Theres something tells me (but it is not loue)
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quality;
But least you should not vnderstand me well,
And yet a mayden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you heere some moneth or two
before you venture for me. I could teach you
how to choose right, but then I am forsworne,
So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me with a sinne,
That I had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say: but if mine then yours,
And so all yours; ô these naughty times
puts barres betweene the ovners and their rights,
And so though yours, not yours, (proue it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but tis to peize the time,
To ech it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse
vwhat treason there is mingled with your loue.

Bass. None but that vgly treason of mistrust,
vvhich makes me feare th'inioying of my Loue,
There may as well be amity and life
Twene snow and fire, as treason and my loue.

Por. I but I feare you speake vpon the racke
vwhere men enforced doe speake any thing.

Bass.

the Merchant of Venice.

Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.

Portia. Well then, confesse and liue.

Bass. Confesse and loue
had beene the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
doth teach me answers for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Portia. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musique sound while he doth make his choyse,
Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison
may stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
and watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musique than? Than musique is
euen as the flourish, when true subiects bowe
to a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
vvith no lesse presence, but with much more loue
Then young Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, payed by howling Troy
To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian vviues:
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much much more dismay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

*A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets
to himselfe.*

*Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the hart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourished?*

Replie, replie.

The comicall Historie of

It is engendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lies
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
He begin it.

Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least themselves,
The world is still deceau'd with ornament
In Law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voyce,
Obscures the shew of euill. In religion
What damned error but some sober brow
Will blesse it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the grosnes with faire ornament:
There is no voyce so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whose harts are all as false
As stayers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And these assume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you shall see tis purchast by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which maketh such wanton gambols with the wind
Vpon supposed fairenes, often knowne
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beautilous scarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,

Nor

the Merchant of Venice.

Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
tweene man and man : but thou, thou meager lead
vvhich rather threatenst then dost promise ought,
thy palenes moues me more then eloquence,
and heere choose I, ioy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire :
And shyddring feare, and greene-eyed icalousie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure raine thy ioy, scant this excosse,
I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse
for feare / surfeit.

Bas. What finde I heere ?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demy God
hath come so neere creation ? moue these eyes ?
Or whither riding on the balls of mine
seeme they in motion ? Heere are seuerd lips
parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre
should sunder such sweet friends : heere in her haires
the Paynter playes the Spyder, and hath wouen
a golden mesh tyntrap the harts of men
faster then gnats in cobwebs, but her eyes
how could he see to doe them ? hauing made one,
me thinkes it should haue power to steale both his
and leaue it selfe vnfurnisht : Yet looke how farre
the substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
in vnderprysing it, so farre this shadow
doth limpe behind the substance. Heeres the scroule,
the continent and summarie of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view
Chaunce as faire, and choose as true ;
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seeke no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
and hold your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kis.*

F.

Bas.

The comicall Historie of

A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receaue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applause and vniuersall thoute,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
vvhether those peales of praise be his or no,
So thrice faire Lady stand I euen so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirmd, signd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me Lord *Bassanio* where I stand,
such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish
to wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twentie times my selfe,
a thousand times more faire, tenne thousand times
more rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends
exceede account: but the full summe of me
is fume of something: which to terme in grosse,
is an vnlessond girle, vnschoold, vnpractized,
happy in this, she is not yet so old
but she may learne: happier then this,
shee is not bred so dull but she can learne;
happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
as from her Lord, her gouernour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
of this faire mansion, maister of my seruants,
Queene ore my selfe: and euen now, but now,
this house, these seruaunts, and this same my selfe
are yours, my Lords, I giue them with this ring,
vvhich when you part from, loose, or giue away,
let it presage the ruine of your loue,
and be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Bass. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,

only

the Merchant of Venice.

onely my blood speakes to you in my vaines,
and there is such confusion in my powers,
as after some oration fairely spoke
by a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
among the buzzing pleased multitude.
Where euery somthing beeing blent together,
turnes to a wild of nothing, saue of ioy
exprest, and not exprest: but when this ring
parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
ô then be bold to say *Bassanio* dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
that haue stoode by and scene our wishes prosper,
to cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the ioy that you can wish:
for I am sure you can wish none from me:
and when your honours meane to solemnize
the bargaine of your fayth: I doe beseech you
euen at that time I may be married to.

Bass. With all my hart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you haue got me.
My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:
you saw the mistres, I beheld the mayd:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me my lord then you;
your fortune stood vpon the caskets there,
and so did mine to as the matter falls:
for wooing heere vntill I swet againe,
and swearing till my very rough was dry
with oathes of loue, at last, if promise last
I got a promise of this faire one heere
to haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
atchiu'd her mistres.

Por. Is this true *Nerrissa*?

Ner. Maddam it is, so you stand pleas'd withall.

Bass. And doe you *Gratiano* meane good fayth?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

The comicall Historie of

Bass. Our feast shalbe much honored in your mariage.

Gra. Wele play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What and stake downe?

Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.

But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his infidell?

vwhat, and my old Venecian friend *Salerio*?

Enter *Lorenzo*, *Iessica*, and *Salerio* a messenger
from Venice.

Bassa. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcōme hether,
if that the youth of my newe intrest heere
haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my very friends and countrymen
sweet *Portia* welcome.

Por. So doe I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thanke your honour, for my part my Lord
my purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
but meeting with *Salerio* by the way
he did entreate me past all saying nay
to come with him along.

Sal. I did my Lord,
and I haue reason for it, Signior *Antonio*
commends him to you.

Bassa. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in mind,
nor well, vnlesse in mind: his letter there
will shew you his estate. *open the letter.*

Gra. *Nerrissa*, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?
how doth that royall Merchant good *Antonio*?
I know he will be glad of our successe,
we are the *Iasons*, we haue wone the fleece.

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are soine shrowd contents in yond same paper
that steales the colour from *Bassanios* cheeke,
some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
could turne so much the constitution

the Merchant of Venice.

of any constant man : what worse and worse ?
With leaue *Bassanio* I am halfe your selfe,
and I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
that this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweete *Portia*,
heere are a few of the vnpleasant'st words
that euer blotted paper. Gentle Lady
when I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
ranne in my vaines, I was a gentleman,
and then I told you true : and yet deere Lady
rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
how much I was a Braggart, when I told you
my state was nothing, I should then haue told you
that I was worse then nothing ; for indeede
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy
to feede my meanes. Heere is a letter Lady,
the paper as the body of my friend,
and euery word in it a gaping wound
issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*
hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
from Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
from Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
and not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
of Merchant-marring rocks ?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
the present money to discharge the Iew,
hee would not take it : neuer did I know
a creature that did beare the shape of man
so keene and greedie to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
and doth impeach the freedome of the state
if they deny him iustice. Twentie Merchants,
the Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,

The comicall Historie of

but none can driue him from the enuious plea
of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond.

Jessi. When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare
to *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his country-men,
that he would rather haue *Antonios* flesh
then twentie times the value of the summe
that he did owe him: and I know my lord,
if law, authoritie, and power denie not,
it will goe hard with poore *Antonio*.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deereft friend to me, the kindest man,
the best conditiond and vnwearied spirit
in dooing curtesies: and one in whom
the auncient Romaine honour more appears
then any that drawes breath in *Italie*.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What no more, pay him six thousand, & deface the bond:
double six thousand and then treble that,
before a friend of this discription
shall lose a haire through *Bassanios* faule.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
and then away to Venice to your friend:
for neuer shall you lie by *Portias* side
vvith an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold
to pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
my mayd *Nerrissa*, and my selfe meane time
vvill liue as maydes and widdowes; come away,
for you shall hence vpon your wedding day:
bid your freends welcome, show a merry cheere,
since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

*Sweet Bassanio, my ships haue all miscaried, my Creditors growe
cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jewe is forsaite, and since in
paying it, it is impossible I should liue, all debts are cleerd betweene you
and*

the Merchant of Venice.

and I if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure, if your love do not perswade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love! dispatch all busines and be gone.

Bass. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make hast; but till I come againe,
no bed shall ere be guiltie of my stay,
nor rest be interposer twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the Jew, and Salerio, and Anthonio,
and the Iaylor.

Jew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercie,
this is the foole that lent out money gratis.
Iaylor, looke to him.

Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylock*.

Jew. Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond,
I haue sworne an oath, that I will haue my bond:
thou call'dst me dogge before thou hadst a cause,
but since I am a dog, beware my phanges,
the Duke shall graunt me iustice, I do wonder
thou naughtie Iaylor that thou art so fond
to come abroade with him at his request.

An. I pray thee heare me speake.

Jew. Ile haue my bond. I will not heare thee speake,
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more.
Ile not be made a soft and dull eyde foole,
to shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
to christian intercessers: follow not,
Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.

Exit Jew.

Sol. It is the most impenitrable curre
that euer kept with men.

An. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers.

hee

The comicall Historie of

hee seekes my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliuerd from his forfeitures
many that haue at times made mone to me,
therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfaiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot denie the course of law:
for the commoditie that strangers haue
vvith vs in Venice, if it be denyed,
will much impeach the iustice of the state,
since that the trade and profit of the citty
consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
these griefes and losses haue so bated me
that I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
to morrow, to my bloody Creditor.

Well Iaylor on, pray God *Bassanio* come
to see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

Exeunt.

Enter *Portia*, *Nerrissa*, *Lorenzo*, *Jessica*, and a
man of *Portias*.

Lor. Maddam, although I speake it in your presence,
you haue a noble and a true conceite
of god-like amitie, which appeares most strongly
in bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
how true a gentleman you send releefe,
how deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
then customarie bountie can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for dooing good,
nor shall not now: for in companions
that doe conuerse and wast the time together,
vvhose soules doe beare an egall yoke of loue,
there must be needes a like proportion
of lymaments, of manners, and of spirit;
vvhich makes me thinke that this *Anthony*
beeing the bosome louer of my Lord,
must needes be like my Lord. If it be so,

how

the Merchant of Venice.

How little is the cost I haue bestowed
in purchasing the semblance of my soule;
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne: for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vowe,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne,
There is a Monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
not to denie this imposition,
the which my loue and some necessity
now layes vpon you.

Lorenzo. Madame, with all my hart,
I shall obey you in all faire commaunds.

Por. My people doe already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
in place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts and happy houres attend on you.

Jessi. I wish your Ladiship all harts content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
to wish it back on you: far you well *Jessica*.

Exeunt.

Now *Balthasar*, as I haue euer found thee honest true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
and vse thou all th'indeuour of a man,
In speede to Mantua. see thou render this
into my cosin hands Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speede
vnto the Traneſt, to the common Ferrie
vvhich trades to Venice; vvaſt no time in words
but get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

G.

Baltha.

The comlicall Historie of

Baltha. Madam, I goe with all conuenient speede.

Portia. Come on *Nerrissa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; weele see our husbands
before they thinke of vs?

Nerrissa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shall *Nerrissa*: but in such a habite,
that they shall thinke we are accomplished
vvith that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
vvhen we are both accoutered like young men,
ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
and weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
and speake betweene the change of man and boy,
vvith a reede voyce, and turne two minsing steps
into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
how honorable Ladies fought my loue,
vvhich I denying, they fell sicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then ile repent,
and wish for all that, that I had not killd them;
And twenty of these punie lies ile tell,
that men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
aboue a twelue-moneth: I haue within my minde
a thousand raw tricks of these bragging lacks,
vvhich I will practise.

Nerriss. Why, shall we turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a question's that,
if thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, ile tell thee all my my whole deuice
vvhen I am in my coach, which stayes for vs
at the Parke gate; and therefore hast away,
for we must measure twenty miles to day

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clowne. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to
belaid vpon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I
was alwaies plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of
the matter: therefore be a good chere, for truly I thinke you are
damnd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and
that

the Merchant of Venice.

that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Jessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clowne. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.

Jessica. That were a kind of bastard hope in deede, so the sinnes of my mother should be visited vpon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damnd both by father and mother: thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Caribdis* your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Jessica. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian?

Clowne. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians enow before, in as many as could well liue one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if we grow all to be pork eaters, we shall not shortly haue a rasher on the coles for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jessi. Ile tell my husband *Launcelet* what you say, here he come?

Loren. I shall grow iealous of you shortly *Launcelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Jessica. Nay, you neede not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there's no mercy for mee in heauen, because I am a Iewes daughter: and he sayes you are no good member of the common-wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Christians, you raise the price of porke.

Loren. I shall aunswere that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belly: the Moore is vvith child by you *Launcelet*?

Clowne. It is much that the Moore should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, she is indeede more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euery foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of wit will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clowne. That is done sir, they haue all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord what a wit snapper are you, than bid them prepare dinner?

The comicall Historie of

Clowne. That is done to sir, onely couer is the word.

Loren. Will you couer than sir?

Clowne. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shewe the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.

Clowne. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the meate sir, it shall be couerd, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceites shall gouerne.

Exit Clowne.

Loren. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memorie
an Armie of good words, and I doe know
a many fooles that stand in better place,
garnisht like him, that for a trickie word
desie the matter: how cherist thou *Iessica*,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How doost thou like the Lord *Bassanios* wife?

Iessi. Past all expressing, it is very meete
the Lord *Bassanio* liue an vpright life
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,
he findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
in reason he should neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two Gods should play some heauenly match,
and on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Tortia* one: there must be something else
paund with the other, for the poore rude world
hath not her fellow.

Loren. Euen such a husband
hast thou of me, as she is for wife.

Iessi. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?

Loren. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?

Iessi. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomack?

Loren. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
Then how so mere thou speakst mong other things,
I shall digest it?

Iessi.

the Merchant of Venice.

Iessi. Well, ile set you forth.

Exit.

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio,
and Gratiano.*

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?

Antho. Ready, so please your grace?

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to aunswere
a stonie aduersarie, an inhumaine wretch,
vncapable of pittie, voyd, and empty
from any dram of mercie.

Antho. I haue heard
your grace hath tane great paines to quallifie
his rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawfull meanes can carry me
out of his enuies reach, I doe oppose
my patience to his furie, and am armd
to suffer with a quietnes of spirit,
the very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Goe one and call the Iew into the Court.

Salerio. He is ready at the dore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Duke. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.

Shylocke the world thinks, and I thinke to
that thou but ledest this fashion of thy mallice
to the last houre of act, and then tis thought
thowlt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
than is thy strange apparant cruelty;
and where thou now exacts the penalty,
vvhich is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
but toucht with humane gentlenes and loue:
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
glaucing an eye of pittie on his losses
that haue of late so budled on his backe,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe;
And pluck comiseration of this states
from brassie bosomes and rough harts of flints,
from stubborne Turkes, and Tarters neuer traind.

The comicall Historie of

to offices of tender curtesie :

We all expect a gentle aunswere Iewe ?

Iewe. I haue posselt your grace of what I purpose,
and by our holy Sabaoth haue I sworne
to haue the due and forfet of my bond,
if you deny it, let the danger light
vpon your charter and your Citties freedome ?

Youle aske me why I rather choose to haue
a weight of carrion flesh, then to receaue
three thousand ducats : Ile not aunswer that ?

But say it is my humour, is it aunswerd ?

What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
and I be pleald to giue ten thousand ducats
to haue it baird ? vwhat, are you aunswerd yet ?

Some men there are loue not a gaping pigge ?

Some that are mad if they behold a Cat ?

And others when the bagpipe sings ith nose,
cannot containe their vrine for affection.

Maisters of passion swayes it to the moode
of what it likes or loathes, now for your aunswer :

As there is no firme reason to berendred

vwhy he cannot abide a gaping pigge ?

vwhy he a harmelesse necessarie Cat ?

vwhy he a woollen bagpipe : but of force

must yeeld to such in cuitable shame,

as to offend himselfe being offended :

So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,

more then a lodgd hate, and a certaine loathing

I beare *Anthorio*, that I follow thus

a loosing sute against him ? are you aunswered ?

Bass. This is no aunswer thou vnfeeling man,
to excuse the currant of thy cruelty ?

Iewe. I am not bound to please thee with my answers ?

Bass. Doe all men kill the things they doe not loue ?

Iewe. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

Bass. Euery offence is not a hate at first ?

Iewe. What wouldst thou haue a serpent sting thee twice ?

Anthe.

the Merchant of Venice.

Anth. I pray you think you question with the Jewe,
you may as well goe stand vpon the Beach
and bid the maine flood bare his vsuall height,
vwell vse question with the Woolfe,
the Ewe bleake for the Lambe:

You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines
to wag their high tops, and to make no noise
vwhen they are fretten with the gusts of heauen:
You may as well doe any thing most hard
as seeke to soften that then which what's harder:
his Iewish hart? therefore I doe beseech you
make no moe offers, vse no farther meanes,
but with all brieft and plaine conueniencie
let me haue iudgement, and the Jewe his will?

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats heere is fixe?

Jewe. If euery ducat in fixe thousand ducats
vvere in fixe parts, and euery part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

Duk. How shalt thou hope for mercy rendring none?

Jewe. What iudgment shall I dread doing no wrong?
you haue among you many a purchast slaue,
vvhich like your Asles, and your Dogs and Mules
you vse in abiect and in slauish parts,
because you bought them, shall I say to you,
let them be free, marry them to your heires?
vwhy sweat they vnder burthens, let their beds
be made as soft as yours, and let their pallats
be seasond with such viands, you will aunswer
the slaues are ours, so doe I aunswer you:

The pound of flesh which I demaund of him
is deerely bought, as mine and I will haue it:
if you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
there is no force in the decrees of Venice:

I stand for iudgement, aunswer, shall I haue it?

Duke. Vpon my power I may dismisle this Court,
vnlesse *Bellarion* a learned Doctor,
whom I haue sent for to determine this

Come

The comicall Historie of

Come heere to day ?

Salerio. My Lord, heere staves without
a messenger with letters from the Doctor,
new come from Padua ?

Duke. Bring vs the letters ? call the Messenger ?

Bass. Good cheere *Antonio* ? what man, courage yet :
The Iew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones and all,
ere thou shalt loofe for me one drop of blood ?

Antbo. I am a tainted vweather of the flocke,
meetest for death, the weakest kind of fruite
drops earliest to the ground, and so let me ;
You cannot better be imployd *Bassanio*,
then to liue still and write mine Epitaph ?

Enter Nerrissa.

Duke. Came you from Padua from *Bellarion* ?

Ner. From both ? my L. *Bellarion* greetes your grace ?

Bass. Why doost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Iewe. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there ?

Gratia. Not on thy soule : but on thy soule harsh Iew
thou makst thy knife keene : but no mettell can,
no, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenenesse
of thy sharpe enuie : can no prayers pearce thee ?

Iewe. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gratia. O bethou damnd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iustice be accusd ;
Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith,
to hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
that soules of Animalls infuse themselves
into the trunks of men : Thy currish spirit
gouernd a Wolfe, who hangd for humane slaughter
euen from the gallows did his fell soule fleete,
and whilest thou layest in thy vnhalloved dam ;
infusd it selfe in thee : for thy desires
are vvoluish, bloody, staru'd, and rauenous.

Iewe. Till thou canst raile the scale from off my bond,
Thou but offendst thy lungs to speake so loud :
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall

To

the Merchant of Venice.

to curelesse ruine. I stand heere for law.

Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
a young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
to know your aunswer whether youle admit him.

Duke. With all my hart: some three or foure of you
goe giue him curteous conduct to this place,
meane time the Court shall heare *Bellarios* letter.

Your Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receit of your letter I
am very sicke, but in the instant that your messenger came, in lo-
uing visitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is
Balthazer: I acquainted him with the cause in cōtrouersie between
the Jew and *Antonio* the Merchant, wee turnd ore many bookes
together, hee is furnished with my opinion, which bettered vvith
his owne learning, the greatnes whereof I cannot enough com-
mend, comes with him at my importunitie, to fill vp your graces
request in my stead. I beseech you let his lacke of yeeres be no im-
pediment to let him lacke a reuerend estimation, for I neuer knew
so young a body with so olde a head: I leaue him to your gracious
acceptance, whose tryall shall better publish his commendation.

Enter *Portia* for *Balthazer*.

Duke. You heare the learnd *Bellario* what he writes,
and heere I take it is the doctor come.

Giue me your hand, come you from old *Bellario*?

Portia. I did my Lord.

Duke. You are welcome, take your place:
are you acquainted with the difference
that holds this present question in the Court.

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause,
vvhich is the Merchant here? and which the Jew?

Duke. *Antonio* and old *Shylocke*, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Jew. *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the sute you follow,
yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

H.

cannot

The comicall Historie of

cannot impugne you as you doe proceed.
You stand within his danger, doe you not.

An. I, so he sayes.

Por. Doe you confesse the bond?

An. I doe.

Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull.

Shy. On what compulsion must I, tell me that.

Por. The qualitie of mercie is not straine,
it droppeth as the gentle raine from heaven
vpon the place beneath: it is twise blest,
it blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,
his mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
the throned Monarch better then his crowne.
His scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
the attribut to awe and maiestie,
vvherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
but mercie is aboue this sceptred sway,
it is enthroned in the harts of Kings,
it is an attribut to God himselfe;
and earthly power doth then shew likest gods
vvhhen mercie seasons iustice: therefore Jew,
though iustice be thy plea, consider this,
that in the course of iustice, none of vs
should see saluation: vve doe pray for mercy,
and that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
the deedes of mercie. I haue spoke thus much
to mittigate the iustice of thy plea,
vvhich if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice
must needs giue sentence gainst the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the law,
the penalty and forsaite of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
yea, twise the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore
on forfait of my hands, my head, my hart,
if this will not suffice, it must appeare

that

the Merchant of Venice.

that malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
wrest once the law to your authoritie,
to doe a great right, doe a little wrong,
and curbe this cruell deuill of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
can altar a decree established:
it will be recorded for a precedent,
and many an error by the same example
will rush into the state, it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniell come to iudgement: yea a Daniell.
O wise young Iudge how I doe honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.

Shy. Heere tis most reuerend doctour, here it is.

Por. *Shylocke* theres thrice thy money offred thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen,
shall I lay perurie vpon my soule?
Not not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfait,
and lawfully by this the Iew may claime
a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
nearest the Merchants hart: be mercifull,
take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.

Shy. When it is payd, according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy iudge,
you know the law, your exposition
hath beene most sound: I charge you by the law,
vwhereof you are a well deseruing piller,
proceede to iudgement: by my soule I sweare,
there is no power in the tongue of man
to alter me, I stay here on my Bond,

An. Most hartelie I doe beseech the Court
to giue the iudgement.

Por. Why than thus it is,
you must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Shy. O noble Iudge, o excellent young man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
hath full relation to the penaltie,

The comicall Historie of

whiche heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

Jew. Tis very true: O wise and vpright Iudge,
how much more elder art thou then thy lookes.

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Jew. I, his breast,
so sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neerest his hart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so, are there ballance here to weigh the flesh?

Jew. I haue them ready.

Por. Haue by some Surgion *Shyllocke* on your charge,
to stop his wounds, least he doe bleede to death.

Jew. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so exprest, but what of that?
Twere good you doe so much for charitie.

Jew. I cannot finde it, tis not in the bond.

Por. You Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am armd and well prepard,
giue me your hand *Bassanio*, far you well,
greeue not that I am false to this for you:
for heerein Fortune shoves her selfe more kind
then is her custome: it is still her vse
to let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
to view with hollow eye and wrinckled brow
an age of pouertie: from which lingring pennance
of such misery doth she cut me of.

Commend me to your honourable wife,
tell her the processe of *Antonios* end,
say how I lou'd you, speake me faire in death:
and when the tale is told, bid her be iudge
vvether *Bassanio* had not once a loue:
Repent but you that you shall loose your friend
and he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the *Jew* doe cut but deepe enough,
He pay it instantly with all my hart.

Bass. *Antonio*, I am married to a wife
which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
but life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,

the Merchant of Venice.

are not with me esteemd aboue thy life.

I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
heere to this deuill, to deliuer you.

Por. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
if she were by to heare you make the offer.

Gra. I haue a wife who I protest I loue,
I would she were in heauen, so she could
intreate some power to change this currish Iew.

Ner. Tis well you offer it behind her back,
the wish would make else an vnquiet house.

Iew. These be the christian husbands, I haue a daughter
wvould any of the stocke of Barrabas
had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.

We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same Merchants flesh is thine,
the Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.

Iew. Most rightfull Iudge.

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
the law allowes it, and the court awards it.

Iew. Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is some thing else,
this bond doth giue thee heere no iote of blood,
the words expresse are a pound of flesh:
take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
but in the cutting it, if thou doost shed
one drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
are by the lawes of Venice confiscate
vnto the state of Venice.

Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke Iew, o learned Iudge.

Sby. Is that the law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
for as thou vrgest iustice, be assur'd
thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned iudge, mark Iew, a learned iudge.

Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice
and let the Christian goe.

The comicall Historie of

Bass. Heere is the money.

Por. Soft, the Iew shal haue all iustice, soft no hast, he shall haue nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut of the flesh, Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more but iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more or lesse then a iust pound, be it but so much as makes it light or heavy in the substance, or the deuision of the twentieth part of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne but in the estimation of a hayre, thou dyest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniell, a Daniell Iew, now infidell I haue you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe.

Bass. I haue it ready for thee, here it is.

Por. Hee hath refusd it in the open Court, hee shall haue meerely iustice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniell still say I, a second Daniell, I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture to be so taken at thy perrill Iew.

Shy. Why then the deuill giue him good of it: Ile stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry Iew,
the law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the lawes of Venice,
if it be proued against an alien,
that by direct, or indirect attempts
he seeke the life of any Citizen,
the party gainst the which he doth contriue,
shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
comes to the priuie coffe of the State,
and the offenders life lies in the mercy

the Merchant of Venice.

of the Duke onely, gainst all other voyce.
In which predicament I say thou standst :
for it appears by manifest proceeding,
that indirectly, and directly to
thou hast contriued against the very life
of the defendant : and thou hast incurd
the danger formorly by me rehearst.

Downe therefore, and beg mercie of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,
and yet thy wealth beeing forfait to the state,
thou hast not left the value of a cord,
therefore thou must be hangd at the states charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it :
for halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthorios*,
the other halfe comes to the generall state,
vvhich humblenes may driue vnto a fine.

Por. I for the state, not for *Anthonio*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
you take my house, when you doe take the prop
that doth sustaine my house : you take my life
vvhhen you doe take the meanes whereby I liue.

Por. What mercy can you render him *Anthonio*?

Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Godsake.

Anth. So please my Lord the Duke, & all the Court
to quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content : so he will let me haue
the other halfe in vse, to render it
vpon his death vnto the Gentleman
that lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more, that for this fauour
he presently become a Christian :
the other, that he doe record a gift
heere in the Court of all he dies posselt
vnto his sonne *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
the pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por.

The comicall Historie of

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?

Sly. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deede of gift.

Sly. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deede after me,
and I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.

Sly. In christning shalt thou haue two Godfathers,
had I beene iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,
to bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. *Exit.*

Duke. Sir I entreate you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
and it is meete I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not.

Antonio, gratifie this gentleman,
for in my mind you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
haue by your wisdom been this day acquitted
of greuous penalties, in lewe whereof,
three thousand ducats due vnto the Iew
wee freely cope your curtiuous paines withall.

An. And stand indebted ouer and aboue
in loue and seruice to you euer-more.

Por. Hee is well payd that is well satisfied,
and I deliuering you, am satisfied,
and therein doe account my selfe well payd,
my minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.

Bass. Deere sir, of force I must attempt you further,
take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
not as fee: graunt me two things I pray you,
not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse me farre, and therefore I wil yeeld,
giue mee your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,

and

the Merchant of Venice.

and for your loue ile take this ring from you,
doe not draw back your hand, ile take no more,
and you in loue shall not denie me this?

Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this?

Por. I will haue nothing else but onely this,
and now me thinks I haue a minde to it?

Bass. There's more depends on this then on the vauw,
the dearest ring in Venice will I giue you,
and finde it out by proclamation,
onely for this I pray you pardon me?

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
you taught me first to beg, and now me thinks
you teach me how a begger should be answered.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
and when she put it on, she made me vowe
that I should neither sell, nor giue, nor loose it.

Por. That excuse serues many men to saue their gifts,
and if your wife be not a mad woman,
and know how well I haue deseru'd this ring,
she would not hold out enemy for euer
for giuing it to me: vuell, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*

Anth. My *L. Bassanio*, let him haue the ring,
let his deseruings and my loue withall
be valued gainst your wiues commaundement.

Bass. Goe *Gratiano*, runne and ouer-take him,
giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
vnto *Antonios* house, away, make hast. *Exit Gratiano.*

Come, you and I will thither presently,
and in the morning early will we both
flie toward Belmont, come *Antonio*.

Exeunt.

Enter Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jewes house out, giue him this deed,
and let him signe it, weele away to night,
and be a day before our husbands home:
this deede will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*?

The comicall Historie of

Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane :
My L. Bassanio vpon more aduice,
bath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreate
your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be ;
his ring I doe accept most thankfully,
and so I pray you tell him : furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylockes* house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you :
Ile see if I can get my husbands ring
vvhich I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
that they did giue the rings away to men ;
but wele out-face them, and out-sweare them to :
away, make hast, thou knowst where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will yov shew me to this house.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
vvhen the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
and they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troilus me thinks mounted the Troian walls,
and sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
vvhere *Cressid* lay that night.

Iessi. In such a night
did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
and saw the Lyons shadow ere him selfe,
and ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
stoode *Dido* with a willow in her hand
vpon the wilde sea banks, and waft her Loue
to come againe to Carthage.

Iessi. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
that did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night

did

the Merchant of Venice.

did *Jessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
and with an ynthrifst loue did runne from Venice,
as farre as Belmont.

Jessi. In such a night
did young *Lorenzo* sweare he loued her well,
stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
and nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
did pretty *Jessica* (like a little shrow)
slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

Jessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Messen. A friend?

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend?

Mess. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
my Mistres will before the breake of day
be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
by holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
for happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mess. None but a holy Hermit and her mayd:
I pray you is my Maister yet returnd?

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Jessica*,
and ceremoniously let vs prepare
some welcome for the Mistres of the house.

Enter Clowne.

Clowne. Sola, sola: woha, ho sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see M. *Lorenzo*, & M. *Lorenzo* sola, sola.

Loren. Leaue hollowing man, heere.

Clowne. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere?

Clo. Tell him there's a Post come from my Maister, with his
horne full of good newes, my Maister will be heere ere morning
sweete soule.

The comicall Historie of

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.

And yet no matter : why should we goe in.

My friend *Stephen*, signifie / pray you
vvithin the house, your mistres is at hand,
and bring your musique foorth into the ayre.

How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musique
creepe in our eares soft silnes, and the night
become the tutches of sweet harmonie :

sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen
is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
there's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
but in his motion like an Angell sings,
still quiring to the young eyde Cherubins;
such harmonie is in immortall soules,
but whilst this muddy vesture of decay
dooth grossly close it in, we cannot heare it :

Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a himne,
vvith sweetest tutches pearce your mistres eare,
and draw her home with musique. *play Musique.*

Iessi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.

Loren. The reason is, your spirits are attentiuē :
for doe but note a wild and wanton heard
or race of youthfull and vnhandled colts
fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neghing loude,
vvhich is the hote condition of their blood,
if they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
or any ayre of musique touch their eares,
you shall perceauē them make a mutuall stand,
their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
by the sweet power of musique : therefore the Poet
did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since naught so stockish hard and full of rage,
but musique for the time doth change his nature,
the man that hath no musique in himselfe,
nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,

the Merchant of Venice.

the motions of his spirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as *Terebus* :
let no such man be trusted : marke the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall :
how farre that little candell throwes his beames,
so shines a good deede in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the candle ?

Por. So dooth the greater glory dim the lesse,
a substitute shines brightly as a King
vntill a King be by, and then his state
empties it selfe, as dorth an inland brooke
into the maine of waters : musique harke.

Ner. It is your musique Madame of the house ?

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
me thinks it sounds much sweeter then by day ?

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam ?

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke
vwhen neither is attended : and I thinke
the Nightingale if she should sing by day
vwhen euery Goose is cackling, would be thought
no better a Musition then the Renne ?
How many things by season, seasond are
to their right prayse, and true perfection :
Peace, how the moone sleepest with Endimion,
and would not be awak'd.

Loren. That is the voyce,
or I am much deceau'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blind man knowes the Cuckoe
by the bad voyce ?

Loren. Deere Lady welcome home ?

Por. We haue bin praying for our husbands welfare,
vvhich speed we hope the better for our words :
are they return'd ?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet :
but there is come a Messenger before
to signifie their comming ?

The comicall Historie of

Por. Goe in *Nerrissa*.

Giue order to my seruants, that they take
no note at all of our being absent hence,
nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you.

Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
vve are no tell-tales Madame, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinks is but the day light sicke,
it lookes a little paler, tis a day,
such as the day is when the sunne is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their
followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
if you would walke in absence of the sunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
for a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
and neuer be *Bassanio* so for me,
but God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Bass. I thank you Madam, giue welcome to my friend,
this is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
to whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
for as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
it must appeare in other wayes then words,
therefore I scant this breathing curtisie.

Gra. By yonder moone I sweare you doe me wrong,
infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,
vvould he were gelt that had it for my part,
since you doe take it Loue so much at hart.

Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?

Grati. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
that she did giue me, whose posie was
for all the world like Cutlers poetry
vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not.*

Ner. What talke you of the posie or the valed:
You swore to me when I did giue you,

that

the Merchant of Venice.

that you would weare it till your houre of death,
and that it should lie with you in your graue.
though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
you should haue beene respectiue and haue kept it.
Gauē it a Iudges Clarke: no Gods my Iudge
the Clarke will nere weare haire ons face that had it.

Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.

Nerrissa. I, if a woman liue to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gauē it to a youth,
a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
no higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clarke,
a prating boy that begd it as a fee,
I could not for my hart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plaine with you,
to part so slightly with your wiues first gift,
a thing stuck on with oaths vpon your finger,
and so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.

I gauē my Loue a ring, and made him sweare
neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworne for him he would not leaue it,
nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
that the world maisters. Now in faith *Gratiano*
you giue your wife too vnkind a cause of griefe,
and twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
and sweare I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gauē his ring away
vnto the Iudge that begd it, and indeede
deseru'd it to: and then the boy his Clarke
that tooke some paines in writing, he begd mine,
and neither man nor maister would take ought
but the two rings.

Por. What ring gauē you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receau'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por.

The comicall Historie of

Por. Euen so voyd is your false hart of truth,
By heauen I will nere come in your bed
vntill I see the ring?

Ner. Nor I in yours
till I againe see mine?

Bass. Sweet *Portia*,
if you did know to whom I gaue the ring,
if you did know for whom I gaue the ring,
and would conceaue for what I gaue the ring,
and how vnwillingly I left the ring,
vwhen naught would be accepted but the ring,
you would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the ring,
or halfe her worthines that gaue the ring,
or your owne honour to containe the ring,
you would not then haue parted with the ring:
vwhat man is there so much vnreasonable
if you had pleas'd to haue defended it
vvith any termes of zeale: wanted the modesty
to vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:

Nerrissa teaches me what to belecue,
ile die for't, but some woman had the ring?

Bass. No by my honour *Madam*, by my soule
no woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
vvhich did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
and begd the ring, the which I did denie him,
and sufferd him to goe displeas'd away,
euen he that had held vp the very life
of my deere friend. What should I say sweet *Lady*,
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and curtesie,
my honour would not let ingratitude
so much besmere it: pardon me good *Lady*,
for by these blessed candels of the night,
had you been there, I think you would haue begd
the ring of me to giue the worthy Doctor?

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house

since

the Merchant of Venice.

since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
and that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
no, not my body, nor my husbands bed :
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
if you doe not, if I be left alone,
now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
ile haue that Doctor for mine bedfellow.

Nerrissa. And I his Clark : therefore be well aduised
how you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well doe you so : let not me take him then,
for if I doe, ile mar the young Clarks pen.

Anth. I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrells.

Por. Sir, greeue not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. *Portia*, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
and in the hearing of these many friends
I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes
vwherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke you but that ?
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe :
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
and there's an oath of credite.

Bass. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
vvhich but for him that had your husbands ring
had quite miscaried. I dare be bound againe,
my soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
vwill neuer more breake faith aduisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety : giue him this,
and bid him keepe it better then the other.

Antho. Here Lord *Bassanio*, sweare to keepe this ring.

Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him : pardon me *Bassanio*,

K.

for

The comicall Historie of

for by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Nerrissa. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
for that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
in lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Grati. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
in Sommer where the wayes are faire enough?

What, are we cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it.

Por. Speake not so grossly, you are all amaz'd;

Heere is a letter, reade it at your leasure,

It comes from Padua from *Bellarrio*,

there you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,

Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere

shall witnes I set foorth as soone as you,

and euen but now returnd: I haue not yet

enterd my house. *Antonio* you are welcome,

and I haue better newes in store for you

than you expect: vnseale this letter soone,

there you shall finde three of your Argosies

are richly come to harbour sodainly.

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chaunced on this letter.

Antho. I am dumb?

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.

Ner. I but the Clarke that neuer meanes to doe it,
vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
vwhen I am absent then lie with my wife.

An. (Sweet Lady) you haue giuen me life and lyuing;
for heere I reade for certaine that my ships
are safely come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?

my Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

Ner. I, and ile giue them him without a fee.

There doe I giue to you and *Iessica*
from the rich Iewe, a speciall deede of gift
after his death, of all he dies posselt of.

Loren.

the Merchant of Venice.

Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
of starued people.

Por. It is almost morning,
and yet I am sure you are not satisfied
of these euents at full. Let vs goe in,
and charge vs there vpon intergotories,
and we will aunswer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergory
that my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
vvhether till the next night she had rather stay,
or goe to bed now being two houres to day :
But were the day come, I should wish it darke
till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I liue, ile feare no other thing
so sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissas* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

